

Applegate Finds Jesuits Haven on Beautiful Lake Hospitable Quebec Spot

Nominique, Province of Quebec, Canada.

To the Editor: We are now registered bushmen, which is Canadian for hicks, having been in the "bush" now for over a week. The country around here is beautiful, there being thirty-five lakes in the immediate vicinity, the largest one, Grand Lac Nominique, now serving as our home.

The town of Nominique has about three hundred people. It is a hundred and twenty-five miles north of Montreal. When Don and I got here, we had no intention of stopping. But it was getting late, and we were about out of gas. Our map showed a small lake about five miles away, that looked as tho it might be well secluded, so we decided to drive to it and camp for the night.

We found the lake, Lac Montigny, pronounced Mon-tay-ny, with no more trouble than having to travel a brush road that is almost as bad as East Jackson street in Medford, and selected a nice spot adjacent to an old deserted saw mill. The sun was just setting behind the hills, and the fish were jumping all over the lake. We found a row-boat, or chaloupe, as it is known locally (the spelling of that is correct). I just asked the town school marim, and since it was not tied and locked too securely, we went for a boat ride. Rounding a point of the lake, we discovered, to our chagrin, that what we imagined to be a deserted and lonely little mountain rendezvous for stray young Americans was in reality a thriving summer colony for very French Canadians.

Boat Owner Perish We also discovered, again to our chagrin, and entirely accidentally, the owner of our chaloupe! He didn't speak any English, but he made it quite clear that we were to get out of the boat right where we were. That being in about a hundred feet of water, our easiest way out was to these here parts, we shyly demurred, and rowed back to our port of embarkation. It proved to be no free city, like Danzig, and the outraged citizenry suggested that we beat it. The only alternative being to pay two dollars a night for the privilege of camping there, we beat it.

It was beginning to get dark, and we were about out of gas, so we elected to go back to Nominique and ask for directions of some one who spoke the Kings English. The barber (barber, to you) told us to camp on Grand Lac Nominique, all the eighty-five miles of its shore line being open to the public, except that which was closed to the hikers. That sounded fair enough, so we ran down to the lake, about two miles away, and started to look for a camping place. The first person we saw was a Catholic priest, wearing the familiar habit of the Jesuits. He was walking along the road, apparently doing his meditations. We stopped and asked him if he spoke English. He said that he did, a little.

We explained the situation, and told him that we had gone to a Jesuit school in California. The Jesuit seemed to delight him, and he invited us to the Jesuit Villa, a beautiful white building on a promontory of a near-by peninsula. On the way to the Villa, he explained that all that section of shore line belonged to the Jesuits, and was maintained as a summer retreat.

Visit With Priests After a lovely drive along the lake, and out onto the peninsula, he took us in to meet a Father McDonnell, from the New York province. Father McDonnell proved to be a young man who was there for a few weeks to learn French, and he seemed awfully glad to see us. He and the first priest, Father La Chapelle, showed us thru the Villa. It was built by one of the Jesuits, twenty years ago from wood cut on their own property, and looks as tho it might have been built yesterday. There is a platform on the roof which gives a swell view of the lake and the surrounding country.

We stayed and talked with the Jesuits for hours. Many spoke excellent English, which surprised us, for so very few of the people around here do. It shouldn't have, of course, since the Jesuits are among the best educated men in the world. I remember when Charlie Reum came to Medford from Saskatchewan, Canada, someone asked him if he spoke English. We all got a big kick out of that. Didn't everyone know that Canada belonged to England?

Whoever it was that asked him must have been in the Province of Quebec. Very few of the natives, and practically none who are not in business, speak any English at all. In Montreal both are spoken, but not so in Nominique. That name, by the way, is pronounced Non-ee-nang. But to get back to our Jesuit friends. After several hours of chatting we discovered that time moves on no matter how absorbed we might be in talking and it was time to go. Father La Chapelle told us a good place to camp, on the Villa grounds, and with the aid of the feeble glimmer which pass for head-lights on the Dodge, we found it and settled down. We're still there.

The next day was Sunday, and we had to get up before breakfast to get to mass on time. The Faith of these people is amazing. Practically all are Catholic, and some walk as far as fifteen miles to church. One family that we know of came seventeen, and because they have no buggy, the parents walk, and the seven children ride the two plow horses.

Use Strong Weed As time for mass draws on, the buggies, horses, and a few automobiles fill the large lot provided for parking. The ladies go into church, and the men stay around the front door to finish their pipes. It seems that all the men smoke pipes. The domestic tobacco that they raise themselves is too strong for cigarettes, and the manufactured ones have a ten cent tax on each package. Yes, even this far back in the bush we have all the "conveniences" of modern civilization!

The sermon was long and impressive. I hope it isn't sacrilegious to mention that the impressive part, to

hit it. I didn't mind that so much, but when the thing would suddenly move back to its original position and take another run as me, I did get sore.

It was that way clear to the top of the third hump. Don and I were both a mass of perspiration, bumps, mosquito bites, cuts and bad temper. And what made it worse, there were our friends as cool as a spring breeze, calmly viewing the scene below. It WAS lovely, but that was a bad time for me to be looking at it. I thought it was about time for dinner, and said so. Don backed me up in this. The Jesuits looked surprised, and asked us how long we thought we'd been climbing. We estimated the time as somewhere between two and five hours. It had been exactly twenty three minutes. The next time I climb that hill, or, I mean mountain, it's going to take me between two and five hours. Because I'm not going to try to do it as a gallop!

Rest Required For the next few days we just rested. We built two log rafts, with some nails we pulled out of driftwood. Don's was made of two logs nailed together with cross pieces, while mine was a single log with outriggers. This is a little faster than his. It only took ME fifteen minutes to go a hundred yards. We were out about a hundred yards from the shore, having a swell time, the first day we had our vessels. But our good time ceased abruptly when we tried to get back. What we estimated to be a mild current off-shore was at least strong enough to hold us like an anchor. We couldn't move an inch, no matter how hard we thrashed the water with our improvised "paddles."

At the end of a half-hour spent in this idle pursuit, we had to swim them in. That is, I piled off mine, swam over to Don's, and together we alternately swam and push his "Santa Maria" to shore. Then we swam out and brought in "Half-Moon." We called it that because we originally started out for Hudson Bay.

We had planned on paddling out to a little island some two or three miles off-shore, but abandoned that. The next day Father Ricard and Father Le Lande rowed down to our camp. They had a nice fast row-boat which skimmed along over the water at a dizzy pace. We were innocently playing around on the out-rieger about seventy five yards from the bank. Don was sitting on the boat, while I was standing in water up to my shoulders. He had a paddle in his hand and we were playing baseball with oysters. The bottom was covered with them.

They're not good to eat, so I'd dive down into the goo, and come up with a handful of them. Then I'd chuck 'em at Don, and he'd slatter them all over the surrounding territory with his "bat." That is, he would if he could hit my very special in-out-up-oh-out-slideways-slid-figure-eight-spiral curve. You can do that with an oyster, you know. At least I can, but then, of course, I'm a very extraordinary person.

When we saw the Jesuit's chaloupe round the bend, we thought we'd have a little fun. I swam out and joined Don on the "Half-Moon." Then we asked them to give us a tow to shore. They cheerfully fell in with this suggestion, and tossed us a rope. Then the fun started. Father Le-Land sat at the oars while Father Ricard sat in the stern with a canoe paddle. They were going to give us the ride of our lives, but they reckoned without our raft.

After straining at the oars for about ten minutes, even actually cracking one of them in the process, they looked around. We were about five feet or ten feet farther from shore than when we'd started!

Storm At Sea The next day, as we were up bright and early at noon, I decided to paddle out to the islands anyway. I started out in nice sunshine, and a calm and untroubled sea. Out in the middle a storm blew up, and it started to rain. The waves washed over the boat, and darned near over me. I was straddling the log, of course, and every big wave would wash me off. Upstated, I'd get back on, especially since I'd stayed off I would have been neatly and finally drowned.

After a long time of this monkey-busness, I got to the island. I was cold and my legs were cramped. But the storm was dying down, so after about ten minutes I started back. The trip back wasn't so difficult, because the water was smoother. When I did get back, Don had long since eaten supper. We estimate that it took me about five hours to row about five or six miles.

One evening we were in the village of Nominique, sitting in front of the general store. There were several young fellows sitting around talking, and we hopped in on the conversation. Two of them spoke English. Their names were Roland and Paul Morris. Roland is twenty two, and owns the main garage here. He has owned it, too, for two years. Paul, who is twenty four, is working on the new church that the community is building.

People Friendly The people here have been swell to us. Not all of them can speak English with us, but they at least try. We are going hunting and fishing

with the Morris kids tomorrow, and are going to have with us a Canadian guide, who speaks excellent English, thru having worked for several years in the States. He says he is French, altho he has the good old Irish name of Burke! Today, when I needed a typewriter to get this story out, George Burke offered to find one for me.

He introduced me to Mr. Louis Godard, who also speaks excellent English, and I told Mr. Godard my story. With the amazing spirit of the community, he generously offered me his typewriter, and all the paper I could use. He then offered Don and me the use of his summer camp on the lake, to give us a rest from sleeping in the car. I wonder if he knows how welcome that was! He sells insurance here, and knows all the lakes and streams. This is a great fishing and hunting country. Moose and bear are the main game animals, and they seem to have every kind of fish, including trout, which they pronounce "troot." The Jesuits at the Villa catch loads of fish, and Mr. Godard has a hunting and fishing lodge in the "bush."

If this article is to make the mail, I'll have to close it now, and tear down to Mr. Godard's camp and hit the hay. We have another couple of weeks to spend here, so next week you may go fishing with us.

DICK APPLEGATE.

CHURCHES

St. Mark's Episcopal. Corner Oakdale and 5th street. 8 a. m.—Holy communion. 11:15 a. m.—Holy communion.

Zion English Lutheran Church. Fourth St. at Oakdale Ave. Geo. P. Kable, D. D., pastor 10 a. m., Sunday School. 11 a. m., Morning service. Baptisms. 7 p. m., Union service in the city park.

The general public always more than welcome at the friendly Zion church.

Main Street Methodist Church, South N. D. Wood, pastor. In the absence of the pastor this Sunday, services at this church, at the 11 o'clock hour, will be conducted by one of our young theological students from Southern Methodist University of Dallas, Texas. Come hear him.

9:45 a. m., Sunday school. 7:00 p. m.—Young People's service. 7:00 p. m.—Union services at the city park. Dr. Eaton is the preacher.

First Christian Church. Ninth and Oakdale. W. R. Baird, minister. Bible school at 9:45 a. m.; Y. R. Gentner, superintendent. Everyman's Bible class in court house auditorium at 9:40.

Morning worship begins at 10:55. Sermon subject, "Strange Things." Tenor solo, L. G. Gentner. Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m. Union services in the park at 7 p. m.

First Baptist Church. Ninth and Oakdale streets. W. A. Baird, minister. Bible school at 9:45 a. m. L. G. Gentner, superintendent.

Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. Morning worship, 11:00 a. m. Soloist, Miss Betty Jean Myers. Sermon by the pastor. Young people's devotional group meetings.

Union open air service in the city park 7:00 p. m. Mass singing led by Rev. W. R. Baird, and the orchestra. Solo by Miss Helen Judy. Sermon by W. H. Eaton. You are cordially invited to attend these services.

Medford Company of Jehovah's Witnesses. The Medford Company of Jehovah's Witnesses are broadcasting a lecture by Judge Rutherford over KMED every Sunday morning from 10 to 10:15. These lectures are given by electrical transcription and will be repeated on Thursday at 4 p. m. The subject of one to be given Sunday, July 30th is "Sinners in Purgatory."

Jehovah's Witnesses meet for study every Sunday morning at 10:30 and every Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at No. 102 Mistletoe street. All interested in Watch Tower Bible study are welcome.

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First Methodist Church. Joseph Knotts, Minister. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Mr. E. J. Newmann, superintendent. Morning worship at 11 a. m. Sermon theme, "The Abiding Presence of Christ." Mr. Waldron will be the soloist. The Epworth League will meet at 6 p. m. We join in the union service in the city park at 7 p. m. This week at the Wednesday evening prayer service we will begin a most profitable series of Bible themes, something all would do well to participate in. 7:30 p. m. is the time set. Come.

St. Peter's Lutheran Church (Missouri Synod). E. Main and Portland Ave. H. H. Young, pastor. Sunday school at 9:45 o'clock. No morning worship this morning. Confirmation instruction at 7:00 o'clock. Evening worship at 8:00 o'clock. Theme: "Feeding the Four Thousand."

Hymn practice after service. The Sunday school teachers meet Monday evening at 8:00. The adult class meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. The public is cordially invited.

Church of the Nazarene. John T. LaRose, pastor. The pastor will speak at both services Sunday. Morning subject, "Outstanding Events of the Acts of the Apostles." Evening subject, "Divine Healing," or "The Cause and Purpose of Afflictions."

Services for the day as follows: "Unified Sunday morning service" 9:45 to 12 noon. Young people's society groups meet at 7:00 p. m. Class meeting in the annex at 7:00 p. m. Evening service in the church at 8:00 p. m. Mid-week prayer service in the church Wednesday evening at 8. You are welcome at this church.

First Presbyterian Church. Bible school, 9:45. Your young folk would enjoy our school and we are sure that if you will come along with them this Sunday, that you have many happy Sabbaths ahead of you.

Morning worship, 11. Sermon, "Can the World Reproduce Galvay?" This will be Communion service and we invite all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ to enjoy the Lord's Supper with us.

Music: Organ prelude—"Vesper Bell"—Smith. Organ offertory—"Morning Hymn"—Lange. Solo—"The Lord is my Light"—Allison (from the 27th Psalm). Soloist, Etale Carlton Strang. Organ postlude—"Temple March"—Lyon.

Miss Dorothy Reynolds, organist. The Federated Churches. J. M. Johnson, pastor. Central Point, Oregon. The story of that wonderful man, Gideon, is the lesson this week, in the Bible schools. The full scripture is found in Judges 6, 7, and 8. Our school opens at 9:45, with classes for all grades.

Young people enjoy the fellowship and service. We invite all young people to take part with the young people of this church, in their department of the Master's work. Services at 7 p. m. "Light and Assurance in the Word" will be the theme of the sermon in the morning service; and "Possibilities and Conditions" will be the sermon subject in the evening service. All are invited to these Gospel services. Good song messages will help you see the way clearer.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. Authorized branch of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass. Service are held every Sunday at 11 o'clock, church edifice, 212 North Oakdale. Subject for Sunday, July 30: Love.

Sunday school at 9:30. Applicants under the age of twenty may be admitted. Wednesday evening meetings, which include testimonies of Christian Science healings, at 8 o'clock.

The Reading Room, which is located at 401 in the Medford bldg., is open daily from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., except Sundays and holidays. The librarian is in attendance from 10 to 4, at which time the Bible and all authorized Christian Science literature may be read, borrowed, or purchased.

The public is cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

FINAL SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE CONTINUES. Hats: 25c-50c-\$1. Silk Dresses, values to \$10 for \$1.95-\$2.95-\$3.95. Summer Shoes, values to \$4 special \$1-\$1.49-\$1.95. THE HAND BOX & SHOE BOX "The store that saves you money."

FRENCH CAFE AT LEGION CONFAB

One of the many features of the Legion state convention which opens in Klamath Falls Aug. 10 will be a quaint old replica of a French cafe located in the basement banquet room of the Pelican Grill. This cafe which is to be sponsored by Klamath Veterans of the "40 et 8" Society will serve close and promises to be a favorite hang-out for the World War veterans who will be reminded of care-free moments spent in France while enjoying brief rest periods between battles.

Light lunches and beer will be served and perhaps an occasional bottle of legal wine. There will be French waiters and bar-maids, cabaret singers, Apache dancers and plenty of entertainment features typical of the old-time French cafe. A fine new hardwood dance floor has just been completed and patrons are assured plenty of dancing both day and night. A collection of souvenirs and relics of the World War will be on display during the convention and decorative effects will carry out the atmosphere of the days of 1917-18.

From all indications the French cafe will be one of the most popular meeting places in the convention city during Aug. 10, 11 and 12.

Reid, Murdock and Co., canners of the Monarch Brand Bartlett Peas will be represented at Medford this season by Myron Root.

After July 31st Until Further Notice Price of Concrete Sand and Gravel Delivered in Medford Will Be ... \$1.25 per cubic yd.

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EFFECTIVE AUGUST 1st.

Snider Dairy & Produce Co.'s freight trucks leave Medford at 9:00 a. m. on both the Prospect and Jacksonville-Williams Creek routes. And at 8:00 a. m. on the Lake Creek-Brownboro, Sams Valley, Wagner Creek routes.

Freight must be at the Snider Dairy not later than one half hour before leaving time.

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